Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they do aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher riſe.

Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes do ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile do my beſt Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe euen in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on as delight,
All pouerty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. Oh tis true.

Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but o
Were all too little to cont
Although they gaue their
As houſes are defilde for w
They are now ſtaru'd for w
Thoſe pallats, who not yet
Muſt haue inuentions to d
Would now be glad of br
Theſe mothers, who to no
Thought nought too curio
To eate thoſe little darling
So ſharpe are hungers teet
Draw lots who firſt ſhall d
Here ſtands a Lord, and the
Heere many ſinke, yet thoſ
Haue ſcarſe ſtrength left to
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and l

Cleon. O let thoſe Cittie
And her proſperites ſo larg
With their ſuperfluous ryo
The miſery of *Tharſus* may

Enter

Lord. Where's the Lord

Cleon. Here, ſpeake out
haſte, for comfort is too far

Lord. We haue deſcried
A portly ſayle of ſhips mak

Cleon. I thought as much
One ſorrow neuer comes b
That may ſucceed as his in
And ſo in ours; ſome neigh
Taking aduantage of our m
That ſtuft the hollow veſſel
To beate vs downe, the wh
And make a conqueſt of vn
Whereas no glory is got to

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH